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Our Boston Trip

AUGUST, 1895

THE GRAND COMMANDERY
OF
MICHIGAN

DAMASCUS COMMANDERY NO. 42
OF
DETROIT

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE
OF GRAND COMMANDERY.

P. T. VAN ZILE,
W. E. JEWETT,
C. H. POMEROY,
T. H. WILLIAMS.

OFFICERS OF GRAND COMMANDERY FOR MICHIGAN
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

DR. WM. E. JEWETT, <i>Grand Commander,</i>	Adrian.	EUGENE P. ROBERTSON, <i>Grand Junior Warden,</i>	Albion.
EDWARD D. WHEELER, <i>Deputy Grand Commander,</i>	Manistee.	PHILIP T. VAN ZILE, <i>Grand Standard Bearer,</i>	Detroit.
ALBERT STILES, <i>Grand Generalissimo,</i>	Jackson.	CHAS. R. HAWLEY, <i>Grand Sword Bearer,</i>	Bay City.
FRANCIS M. MOORE, <i>Grand Captain General,</i>	Marquette.	JAMES FINDLATER, <i>Grand Warder,</i>	Detroit.
F. A. BLADES, <i>Grand Prelate,</i>	Detroit.	JNO. A. GEROW, <i>Grand Recorder,</i>	Detroit.
ROBERT E. MCKNIGHT, <i>Grand Senior Warden,</i>	Saginaw.	CHAS. A. WARREN, <i>Grand Treasurer,</i>	Detroit.
ALEX. MCGREGOR, <i>Sentinel,</i>		Detroit.	

OFFICERS OF DAMASCUS COMMANDERY.

P. T. VAN ZILE,
W. T. LIVINGSTONE,
WARING H. ELLIS,
REV. GEORGE FORSEY,
F. E. WELLINGTON,
F. N. HURLBURT,

Eminent Commander.
Generalissimo.
Captain-General.
Prelate.
Recorder.
Treasurer.

J. C. STEVENS,
C. H. BIEBER,
F. H. HASSLER,
W. L. TYLER,
GEO. L. NADOLLECK,
JOSEPH WALTMAN,

Senior Warden.
Junior Warden.
Sword Bearer.
Standard Bearer.
Warder.
Sentinel.

OUR BOSTON TRIP.



THE Escort to the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of Michigan, Damascus Commandery No. 42, of Detroit, not being so modest as her Patron, feels like saying, — "We are the People." That is the **Grand Commandery**, taken in conjunction with, and found in the company of, **Damascus**.

We will occupy an elegant *Pullman Vestibuled Train*. *Nothing better.*

Detroit.—Our Rendezvous. For those of us of the Grand Commandery, who are not residents of this city, let us speak.

When we stop to think, that more tonnage passes through the Detroit River, even under the shadow of the city walls, than is claimed for any other port in the world, can we help but say, — We are glad to come to Detroit, *All Hail!* thou "City of the Straits." Her broad avenues; her churches; schools; her grand Masonic membership, now pressing toward the goal so hard to reach, the acquirement of a Temple, largest and best in the world; these all make us glad to come, sorry to go.

After dinner, having raised our banner to catch the breeze, which may perchance float the news of our invasion of the Queen's Dominions on before us, we are taken in charge by the representative of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, "The Great International Route," landed, cars and all, on the immense car ferry, sailed across the Detroit river, and in less time than we could imagine, started Eastward. Though Britannia rules all here, her flag takes second place, beneath the banner of Masonic Love—her best and brightest stars are those who wear upon the breast the compass of unbounded charity, measured only by the square of justice. Such stars will you find among the thousands of your Canadian brothers, should you find time to visit them.

While speaking of Canada, we are skirting the shores of Old Lake St. Clair, across the marshes at Belle River, counting the minutes till we reach Chatham, (the war-time fugitive slave town) admiring the scenery between there and the crossing of the River Thames, until this winding stream is lost to view amid the buildings of the prosperous city of London.

London,—a city of about thirty thousand people. Supper will here engross our time and guide our inclinations. Beyond London comes Ingersol, Woodstock, Dundas, Hamilton and then Toronto.

A pretty view at Dundas,—Burlington Bay at Hamilton. These two views taken in as the crow flies, serve to brighten the trip.

Toronto, — "The American City of Canada." About two hundred thousand people; as progressive, as hospitable, as patriotic as any, will be glad to have the Knights Templar take a look at them and theirs, be their time short or long, — the longer the better. It's evening, however, and we are on the way to Kingston, — perhaps asleep, but awake to the pleasures and comfort of the trip thus far.

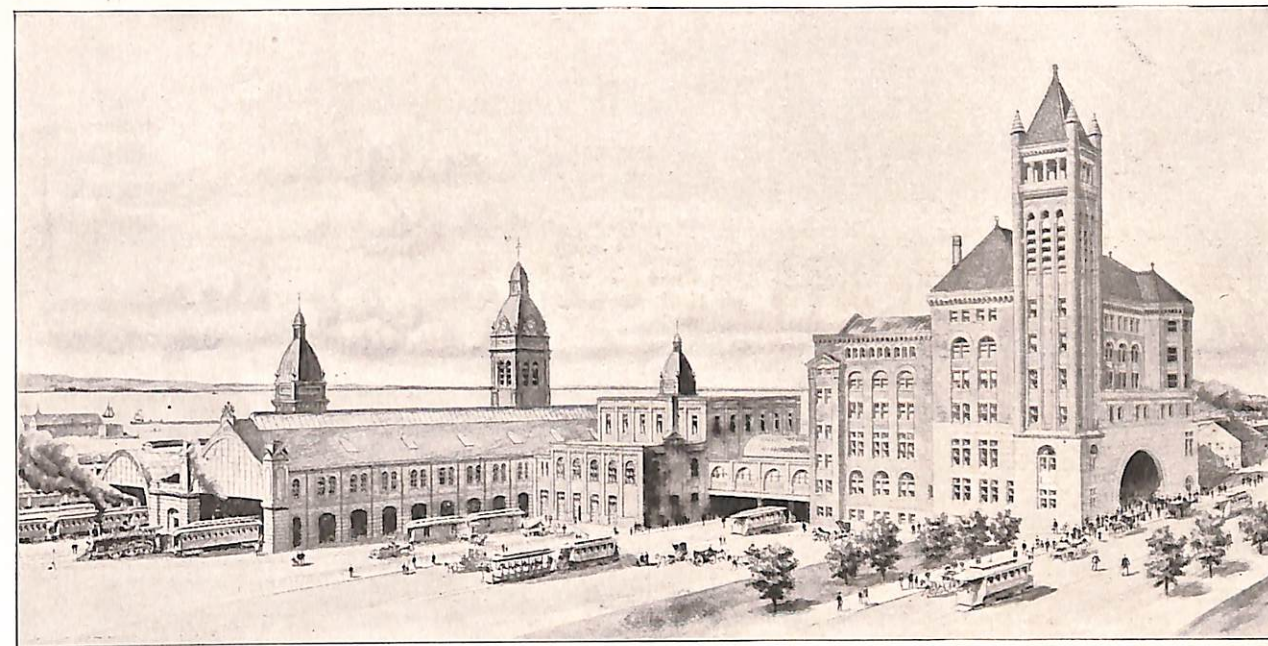
Kingston. — The place from which we sail for Montreal, while our sleepers ride the rail alone. *The head of navigation*, as it were, on the *St. Lawrence River*.

Do we expect much or little, such expectation will be met, in the variety of sea and shore, in the placid green waters, in the crowning, clustering islands, numbered by the thousands, with the creeping vines, just reaching out in verdant beauty, seeking to spread one color over some cottage or castle by the inland sea, but leaving here and there a spot of other brightness, left for man to paint in self protection, from the wind or rain. The steamer seems to float along, not missing any but the meagre spots, which, left behind or hidden from our view, are by us not counted 'mong the Thousand Islands.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., upon whose steamer we are passengers, have provided breakfast for those who desire to invest a half-dollar in building up the inner man, or for those so bewildered with the changing scenes that they hardly know whether the hunger is for thought or food, — for these, the option is provided.

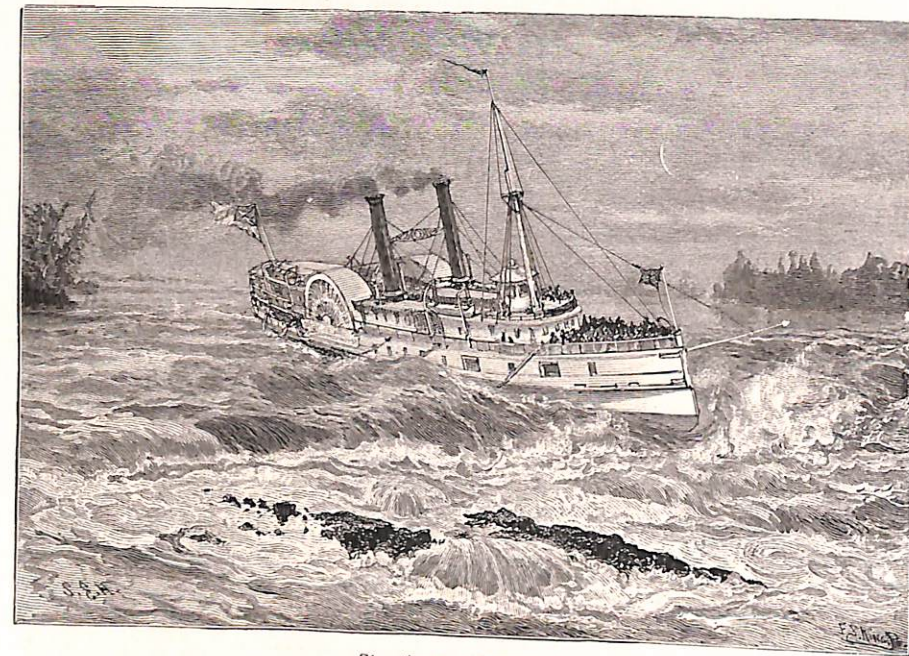


Burlington Heights.



Grand Trunk Ry. Station, Toronto.

The Rapids.—The Rapids of the St. Lawrence. You have all heard of the Whirlpool at Niagara Falls, or watched its boiling waters playing with perpetual motion, like the wheels of time, rolling in the minutes, then the hours and days, as grist into a "mill of fate." This St. Lawrence, reflecting a one-time pleasant life, without a ripple hardly in its infancy, grows to age and power, for good or ill. It holds the key to pleasure, and its rapids, like the "Elephant of the Orient," bears along our "Howdah," in its forced submission to man. But should its kindness turn to hate, its overflowing surges would leave no mark or buoy, to say what story should be told. The Rapids of the St. Lawrence will bring us back to childhood's days, will make us young again. We'll watch the sturdy steamer ride the waves and bear us through the foam, and into pleasant, placid waters once again. The Cascades, the Long Sault, some others less important but very interesting; then as we near Montreal, the famous Lachine will be passed. The impressions of some have been gathered from experience. May we all be as pleasantly impressed.



Shooting the Lachine Rapids.

three hundred thousand. Her churches and cathedrals are many and magnificent; her public buildings are substantial and elegant; her hotels are sufficient in number and capacity to accommodate a vast number of visitors; her streets are well paved,

and intercepted at frequent intervals by beautiful little parks, ornamented with fountains and monuments of noted men. These, together with Mount Royal, the mountain just back of the city, and overlooking all the surrounding country, present an attractiveness in general seldom equaled.

Montreal.—This grand city will be reached about six p. m. Her quota of inhabitants has been placed at

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Quebec.—Montreal possesses many features of interest, which are indeed so new to the average American visitor. She lies, as it were, on the threshold, dividing the new and the old worlds. Montreal, with her cosmopolite sojourners, serves to introduce us, by degrees, to the changes incident to a visit to Quebec.

Quebec, as old-fashioned as time, as foreign to our present as need be, seems the last link which perhaps binds Canada's eventful past with the new world's present. The day dream of the poet, the hero worshiper, the historian, may be fed from no more interesting food than even a glance at her present antiquity could furnish. He who conjures up the flight of armies over Europe and the Continent, massing



Place d'Armes, Montreal.

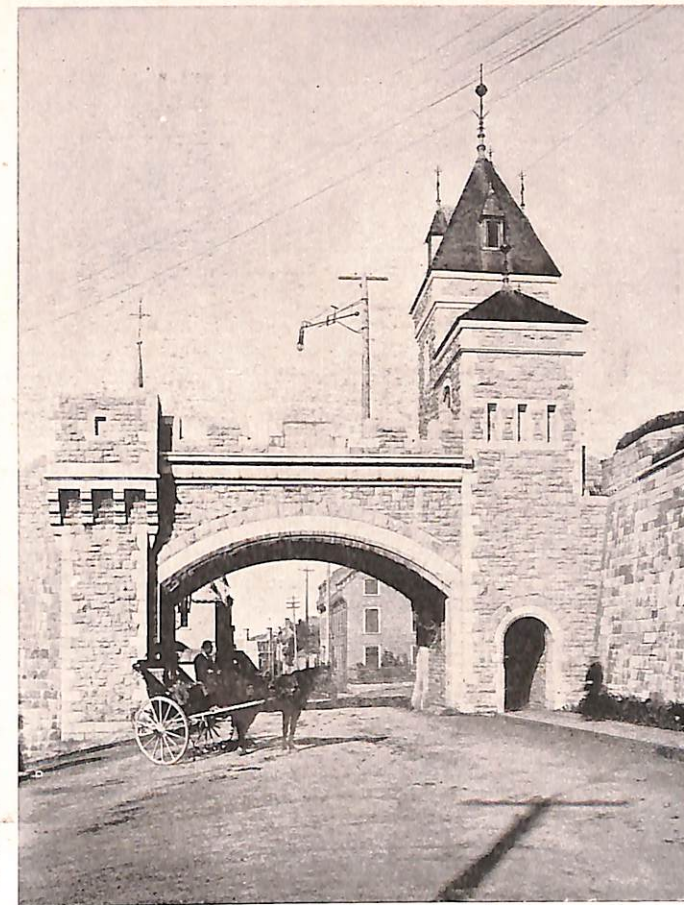


Quebec from Levis.

now before some stronghold of the enemy, or sees them as at Metz or Paris, entrenched behind massive lines of fortifications, will be brought face to face at Quebec with the foundation facts whereon may be built a story, brighter, far more grand to us as Americans, than the struggles of Europe could present. Quebec lies at our gates. The pages of history record no greater undertaking than the settlement of America; they record no greater struggles than were borne by Washington and our forefathers for us; neither do they paint a picture surpassing, in historic interest, the French and English struggle for supremacy under these very walls. She lies now as tranquil as death. Overlooking the St. Lawrence, her proud fortifications seem but fitting monuments of departed greatness. Her old stone walls speak not of this age. The bastions of the old fort, although holding the British cannon in their mouths, and look to long for activity, not sleep, yet is it not the flood-gates of the old, old history of evolution which, opening, force our thoughts to linger on the then bright side of war. The good old times are left behind; the newer, better times are here. Can we not, as Knights Templar, learn an object lesson at Quebec? Do we not stand on principles stronger and more mighty than these walls of stone, carrying our banners to certain victory in the war of Christian progress, which shall outlive these cannon, these stones, and these monuments?

The whole day will be given up to Quebec from seven-thirty in the morning until seven-thirty in the evening; then we leave for

Gorham. — "The base of the White Mountains." We seem to be endeavoring to visit the extremes of nature's bounty, as well as the castles of man's imagery. We have thought of war; we have slept in peace, to waken in the bosom of tranquillity, as it were. The pastoral beauty of



Kent Gate, Quebec.

these Eastern hills, sloping to the valley we are winding through, form a rich border to the frame-work of the White Mountains, just in sight. A stop here will fill our lungs with the freshening mountain air, and keep us well awake for each developing jewel of the trip.



Village of Gorham, N. H.

We will arrive at Gorham about seven A. M., leaving there for Portland at noon.

Portland, Me.—Old, staid and sober; puritanical though she may be, still like the "Mayflower," bearing pearls without price, she will welcome the Templars. Portland is a beautiful little city; her harbor is a grand one; her Casco Bay is the only *Casco Bay*, dotted with islands innumerable, and now with pleasure ships galore. The salt water, from her ocean mother, dashes on the piers, built up for commerce, even as it washes clean and white the beaches where the pleasure-seekers roam. The Portland visit will be enjoyed.

Old Orchard Beach.
—We have traveled over

the Grand Trunk Railway from Detroit, nearly all the way to Portland; we leave it for the Boston & Maine from there to Boston, stopping on its line for a little more pleasure at Old Orchard. The sea bath we have been promised, the pageantry of fashion we enjoy (when it's the fashion), we'll drink in here. The white and smoothly-stretching beaches, famed of all in "Old New England," wait our coming. The numerous great hotels, with inviting wide verandas, with all the other adjuncts of a first-class watering-place, are to be found at Old Orchard. This should tell enough to let you know what to expect. We spend the whole day Sunday at Old Orchard Beach.

Monday Morning, August 26th.
—Boston is nearly in sight. The Mecca is but a few hours away, indeed. We are supposed to be there early in the forenoon; we are getting anxious for fear we have spent too much time in dreamland.

The sight of the quaint New England scenery keeps the heart from throbbing until now—we are rolling through the suburbs of "*Bean-town*." We are in the spacious Union depot.

Boston.—For three years we have thought of thee, like a lover of last season's "summer girl," conjuring up the many visions of how she'd look again to us, in all her gay array of bright reception clothes. Boston should not disappoint us. Is she not "*The 'Hub!'*" There will be nothing too good for us here, if within the gift of those dear Fraters who bade us welcome. Her good hotels, her pleasant parks and drives, her old historic "Commons," her own history itself as a "Commonwealth," will fill us full of interest ourselves. It must be given over to each historian to record their individual impres-



Old Orchard Beach.



Beauties of Casco Bay.

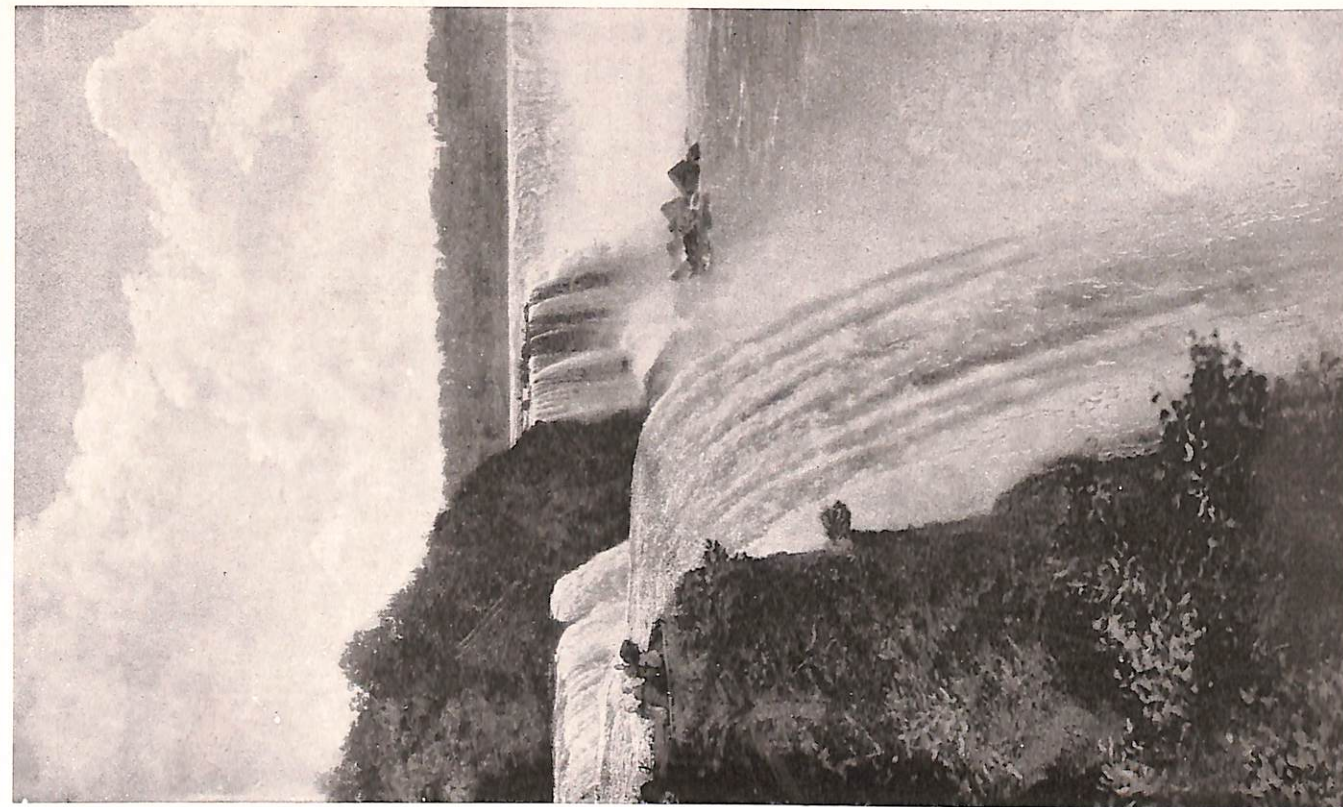
sions. We are all here for that purpose. As we gather together at Copley Hall, our general headquarters, or visit in the rooms at the Brunswick and Hotel Kempton, where we sleep, we can talk it all over again.

Return Trip.—A great many members of the Grand Commandery, as well as some of the Damascus, have decided to return from Boston by the Norwich Line of Steamers to New York, thence over the West Shore to Niagara Falls, and home via the Grand Trunk Railway. Others, while taking in New York, have decided to come back over the Lehigh Valley by way of Mauch Chunk, Glen Summit and the Lehigh Mountains to Niagara Falls, etc. Damascus Commandery has been ordered to return in a body, however, the official route back being by way of the Fitchburg Ry., via Saratoga to Rotterdam Junction, thence West Shore Ry. to Niagara Falls, passing through Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo. These return trips, in short, being entirely at the option of the passenger, provided they state such option before leaving home, has made a description of the return trip quite difficult. Let it be said that any and all of you can come home any way you please. The cheaper way of course is to leave out New York, the Saratoga side-trip being free. This gives quite an interesting program for those who can be satisfied without New York. It may also be mentioned in the list of attractions that the Hudson River Day Line of Steamers is an optional route at no extra cost. To conclude again, there is hardly a way of coming home which you may see fit to mention at time of going over which tickets cannot be sold.

While *enroute* you will likely be desirous of seeing Niagara Falls. You will all pass by it, why not stop off? In the fore part of the description of our trip we have compared the Whirlpool Rapids with the St. Lawrence. It is well that some such comparison were not attempted with Niagara Falls themselves. There seems to be nothing under the blue canopy which can appeal as strongly to the sense of admiration as a sight of Niagara Falls. The gurgling, white-capped current above them rolls relentlessly toward the brink, as does the span of human life,—then, beyond, the future,—from which no traveler has e'er returned. Niagara Falls will, for centuries to come, roll down the page of history, and no one will appear to say, We owe you no homage. We are pleased to see Niagara each time, be our visits ever so frequent.

Home by the Southern Division of the Grand Trunk Ry. will finish the history of the Boston trip.





Niagara Falls.

TIME CARD.

Leave Detroit, . . .	2.00 P. M.,	Wednesday, August 21,	Brush St. Depot.
Arrive London, . . .	5.30 "	" "	Supper.
Leave London, . . .	6.10 "	" "	" "
Arrive Toronto, . . .	10.00 "	" "	" "
Leave Toronto, . . .	10.15 "	" "	" "
Arrive Kingston, . . .	5.00 A. M.,	Thursday, August 22.	Meals on Boat.
Leave Kingston, . . .	5.30 "	" "	" "
Arrive Montreal, . . .	6.00 P. M.,	" "	" "
Leave Montreal, . . .	10.00 "	Friday, August 23.	Windsor Hotel.
Arrive Quebec, . . .	6.30 A. M.,	Saturday, August 24.	" "
Leave Quebec, . . .	7.30 P. M.,	" "	" "
Arrive Gorham, . . .	7.00 A. M.,	Sunday, August 25.	" "
Leave Gorham, . . .	9.00 "	" "	" "
Arrive Portland, . . .	12.00 P. M.,	" "	Dinner.
Leave Portland, . . .	2.00 "	" "	" "
Arrive Old O. Beach, . . .	2.30 "	" "	" "
Leave Old O. Beach, . . .	7.30 A. M.,	Monday, August 26.	" "
Arrive Boston, . . .	10.00 "	" "	" "
Leave Boston, . . .	10.00 "	Thursday, August 29.	" "
Arrive Saratoga, . . .	4.30 P. M.,	" "	" "
Leave Saratoga, . . .	10.00 "	" "	" "
Arrive Niagara Falls, . . .	9.00 A. M.,	Friday, August 30.	Breakfast and Dinner.
Leave Niagara Falls, . . .	2.30 P. M.,	" "	" "
Arrive Detroit, . . .	9.30 "	" "	" "

